



SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1910.

FATAL SHOOTING  
AT MAX MEADOWSRobert Hudson Creates Disturbance  
at Ball Game and is Killed.

Wytheville, Va., July 22.—Robert Hudson, a white man, was shot and killed and two others wounded in an affray at Max Meadows this morning about 10:30 o'clock by Robert Walk. The trouble occurred at a baseball game. Hudson created a disturbance, and Constable George Alfred attempted to arrest and remove him, when he and his two sons resisted. Walk was called on by the constable to add him, when the Hudsons turned on Walk. In the difficulty Hudson was shot just below the heart, living only about ten minutes after receiving the wound. One of Hudson's sons, a boy about eighteen years of age, was shot in the back, the ball ranging around his body and coming out of his breast. Walk was also shot in the arm, but whether by Hudson, some one in the crowd or himself, he does not know. Two of Hudson's sons participated in the affray, the older being the one shot. The other ran home, a short distance, and got a gun, but fortunately it was not loaded, which prevented further bloodshed.

Hudson had lost two brothers by violent deaths. Walk came to Wytheville to have his wound dressed, in charge of a special constable. It is thought Hudson was drinking, as it is known that he got a supply of whiskey the night before.

WILD DASH AFTER  
RUNAWAY HORSEBrave Act on Part of Unknown Negro,  
Who Thought Not of Danger.

Unthoughtful of the fame which might have been his, and seemingly desirous of only giving aid, an unknown negro last night stopped a runaway horse belonging to Leroy Cohen, of 1607 Park Avenue. The vehicle was unoccupied, but the negro did not know this, for he was far behind when he first saw the horse dashing by. He was riding a bicycle at the time, and he put foot to the pedals and rode as fast as his legs could carry him.

Mr. Cohen's horse was being taken to the stable, in Jackson Ward, by a negro boy employed by him, when the bit—a rubber bit, with thin wire running through—broke. As the bit snapped in twain, the animal became thoroughly frightened, and started off. The boy climbed over the back of the vehicle and dropped to the ground. But the horse ran into Broad Street, crowded at that time of the evening, and after narrowly missing several street cars, turned into Grace Street.

All the while the unknown negro was closely pursuing. He could not tell whether the buggy was occupied, and seemed not to think of his own life. As the horse turned into Third and Franklin and slowed down, the negro jumped from his wheel and caught hold of the bit. The animal broke away from the buggy, which was left on the corner, intact, carrying with him only the harness. The negro took him to the Second Police Station, where he was afterwards claimed by Mr. Cohen. He was unhurt.

Mr. Cohen said that he had been out driving with his wife all the afternoon, and had experienced no trouble. It was the broken bit which caused the runaway—a broken bit of rubber, which the horse had evidently chewed in half.

Mr. Cohen gave the unknown negro a tip for his work, and then the latter disappeared. In the excitement no one asked his name, and he vouchsafed no information.—Times-Dispatch, July 23, 1910.

## Ford's Hair Pomade.

Seldom is an advertised preparation undervalued, yet strange as it may seem there is, at least, one remedy that we know which is hardly given the credit that is due it. This remedy is Ford's Hair Pomade, a preparation that has been on the market for over fifty years and during that time, has without a doubt, been the means of helping the colored people more than any other remedy in this line.

Ford's Hair Pomade, manufactured by the Ozonized Ox Marrow Company of Chicago, Ill., is a preparation that will make, harsh, kinky hair softer and more pliable, easy to comb and put up in any style that the length will permit. No lady can afford to be without it, especially if her hair is harsh and unruly.

No one need be afraid to try this old time tried remedy for kinky, harsh, short and curly hair, for as we said, we honestly believe that it will do more than the manufacturers claim of it and for there ever was a remedy that is undervalued.

Ford's Hair Pomade is the remedy that killed Constable James Mitchell, who tried to arrest him, was burned at the stake to-night by a mob.

HOW WHIPPED  
MISTAH JEFF.

## Jack Johnson Tells Kate Carew.

Once more, if you please, let us contemplate Mr. Johnson. (Prithie pass on, pensive highbrow, this page is not for you.)

A more illustrious Mr. Johnson than when I discoursed with him three months ago, for by grace of knightly conquest he has become the world's incomparable, sovereign, most formidable and august beater and bruiser of men.

Strange to relate, he did not seem puffed up. If anything, his manner was more grave and level-headed than before.

"Mr. Johnson," said I, "a great many people who are not at all interested in the technical part of your profession, have expressed some curiosity about the psychological side of it."

Mr. Johnson ducked his head, but did not lose confidence.

"Yes," he purred smoothly, "the psycho-psy—the psychological side of my profession is surely a mighty interesting thing to every refined and educated person, ma'am."

"In your recent affair with Mr. Jeffries," I continued, "there appears to have been in addition to the exchange of blows, a constant ripple of polite conversation."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Johnson, "I was conversing most pleasantly with Mr. Jeffries' most all of the time we was in the ring."

"Was that your considerate way of making the time pass more agreeably?" I inquired.

"Not exactly, ma'am," said Mr. Johnson, "it was more to take the other man's mind off his work, so as to catch him easier."

"Dear me! Doesn't that seem rather unkind?" repeated Mr. Johnson with a slightly puzzled look. "I do assure you that I was most careful, ma'am, not to say one word to Mr. Jeffries that wasn't strictly gentlemanly."

"In the second round," said I, "you said to Mr. Jeffries: 'Don't you rough me. Was that because he had been hurting you?'"

"No, ma'am, I was only kidding him. And I did get a laugh out of him that time."

"An actual, spontaneous, merry laugh?"

"Well, no, it wasn't that kind," confessed Mr. Johnson. "It was more the kind of laugh that would curdle the morning's milk."

And here a very small white gentleman spoke up. His name—Mr. Sig Hart—and he seems to be Mr. Johnson's right hand man.

"Jack Johnson," he said enthusiastically, "is the greatest kiddier in the business."

He gave Mr. Johnson a look of such admiration as a toy spaniel might feel for an elephant which was not only large and ferocious, but also witty and entertaining.

"What was the nearest thing he said during the fight?" I inquired encouragingly.

"Oh, I don't know," he said so many, returned Mr. Hart rumpiling his back hair.

"What do you think, Mr. Johnson?" I inquired.

"As far as I can remember," replied Mr. Johnson, looking at the ceiling, "one of the best jollies I gave old Jeff was when he came into a clinch, and I said, 'Whatchoo wantin' me for, Mr. Jeffries? You know puffy well you don't love me.'"

"And that was a hot one you handed Corbett," exclaimed little Mr. Hart, "when you sang out to him. 'You'd better come right up here, Jim, and help your man. There were a whole lot of meanings to that, Jack. It meant that Jeff needed help, and it meant that you could have taken on Corbett, too, and it meant that you had beaten Corbett at the kidding game. In fact, you fought two men at Reno.'"

"Is the conversational part of it considered so important?" I inquired.

"It certainly is, ma'am," said Mr. Johnson, musically, "which was why Mr. Jeffries had Mr. Corbett to do his kidding for him."

A proud and important negress entered with Mr. Johnson's breakfast, which consisted of chickens.

Yes, dears, this conversation took place in Darkest Africa. Mr. Johnson was chez lui, as they say in France.

How many chickens? Well, there were two to begin with.

We had hoped—the professor, the patron or many sports and I—to find Mr. Johnson alone; but a champion, like a monarch, is never alone, and there really was a certain atmosphere of royalty in the clean and well appointed little restaurant where Mr. Johnson, watched respectfully and solicitously by many courtiers, chiefly white, sat down to eat.

"Not a trace of self-consciousness," whispered the professor, "and eating under observation is a very severe test. The man is either a child or a master of deportment—I'm inclined to think the latter. Observe the extraordinary economy of effort."

Fully half a chicken had vanished irretrievably, and Mr. Johnson, with a lazy air, had seemed merely to stroke his hands now and then. A few swift strokes with a carving knife had dismembered the bird as if by magic, and the whole of the breast had been absorbed in two leisurely mouthfuls. The outlying parts were quickly following. Precision, speed, a graceful rhythm and a deceptive air of deliberation were the keystones of this astonishing performance. An anaconda absorbing a rabbit couldn't make less fuss about it.

"Jack," said the patron of many sports, "some of the papers said that you looked nervous when you first entered the ring."

Dallas, July 22.—Henry Gentry, a negro, who attempted to enter the room of a white woman at Belton, Texas, early this morning, and who later killed Constable James Mitchell, who tried to arrest him, was burned at the stake to-night by a mob.

Mr. Johnson opened his eyes very wide suspended for a moment the process of deglutition, and looked plaintively at Mr. Hart, as if to say: "What columns must not the righteous suffer with!"

"There's nothing to it," said Mr. Hart briskly. "He was kidding and cracking jokes every second."

"Weren't you, honestly, the least little bit nervous at first?" said I to Mr. Johnson.

"No, ma'am," said Mr. Johnson solemnly shaking his head. "I've never been nervous in all my life."

"I believe you," said the professor, slapping his knee.

"Why should I go and get nervous?" continued Mr. Johnson, stripping and devouring the meat from the last drumstick, "when I had just arrived in the very place I had always wanted to be, sitting plumb opposite to my friend, Mr. Jeffries, in a twenty-five foot ring?"

Picking up the carving fork, he deftly speared the second chicken off the dish, held it aloft and eyed it with a luxurious smile.

"What makes a man nervous," he proclaimed, "is not being satisfied. Ah'm never nervous, because Ah'm always satisfied."

He transferred the chicken to his plate and attacked it with a zest apparently sharpened by the discussion. The waitress reappeared with a third chicken, which she placed before him.

"The cook would like to know, Mr. Johnson, whether you'll be wanting any more chicken," she said deferentially.

"No, I thank you," said Mr. Johnson ceremoniously, "that'll be about enough this mornin', Miss Lily."

And Miss Lily's polished black face was wreathed in smiles as she made her exit, treading on air.

"There's been a good deal of discussion, Mr. Johnson," said I, "about Mr. Jeffries' condition."

"Jeff was in grand condition," said Mr. Johnson quickly.

"But there seems to be an impression that something had gone wrong with his nervous system."

Mr. Johnson warmed up here, evidently unwilling to part with any of the honors of the victory.

"His nerve was all right when he refused to shake hands," said the black man earnestly. "His nerve was all right when he tore the stars and stripes sash off his waist because he saw that I was wearing one like it."

"When a fighting man's nerve is broke, he wants the other fellow to have a friendly feeling for him. Mr. Jeffries was just the other way. He had a fighting edge on. If his nerve hadn't been all right he couldn't have lasted three rounds. He couldn't have taken the beating he did in the game way he did. No, ma'am, Ah take off mah hat to Mr. Jeffries—and his nerve was all right."

"You bet it was!" said Mr. Hart, as Mr. Johnson redressed himself to what was left of the second chicken.

"Didn't you feel sorry for him?" I asked.

Mr. Johnson looked at me dubiously and picked a wishbone with some deliberation.

"Well," he said, cautiously, "in the thirteenth round I guess I kinder did begin to feel somewhat compassionate."

"Is that all?" I persisted. "Is it possible to batter a man on and on, as long as he is able to stand up, to see his eye swollen shut and his face covered with—ugh! do men do that sort of thing without a moment's real regret?"

"Mr. Jeffries had done it many a time," said Mr. Johnson philosophically.

"It isn't in the nature of woman to understand fighting," put in the professor oracularly.

"Ah guess you're right, doc," said Mr. Johnson, wiping his mouth.

"And didn't Mr. Jeffries hurt you at all?" I inquired.

"Not in the least, ma'am, not in the least," said the big black man. "Ah assure you Ah was in just as good shape when Ah came out of the ring as you see me now. Not a mark on me—was there, Sig?"

"But," I insisted, "some of the papers said that you grunted once or twice when Mr. Jeffries struck you."

"Well, Ah may have grunted, but it was from the heat, not because Mr. Jeff hurt me. Ah didn't see anything coming mah way from him that could have caused me any pain."

"Say, Jack," asked the patron of many sports, "what about that left you gave him on the eye in the sixth round? I've been wondering whether that didn't put old Jeff all to the bad for the rest of the fight. Was that something you calculated?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Johnson. "I never aim for such a small mark as a man's eye. I never take a target any smaller than his whole head, and any one of his features is welcome to get it."

"I read with great interest," said the professor, "that in the first round you demonstrated your superior strength by lifting the other person off his feet."

"That's right, doc," said Mr. Johnson, with a cheerful smile.

"Was that done with calculation?"

"Sure it was," said Mr. Johnson. "You had determined on it beforehand?"

"Yasir—because I knew that it would take the heart out of him."

"And could you judge whether it had the desired effect?"

"Mr. Jeffries kinder wilted," said Mr. Johnson, "and his face went funny. Here—I'll show you how I done it, doc, and then you'll know how it feels."

He rose from the table and advanced toward the professor, who

rose somewhat hesitantly. "I sprang it on him," exclaimed Mr. Johnson, "in the first clinch when he started in to roughing it some. Come on, doc."

"I'm a little doubtful as to the value of a literal demonstration," said the professor, hanging back. "Did you—ah—bug him very hard?"

"No, I didn't bug him none," said Mr. Johnson. "I only took him like this—it won't hurt, doc."

And, placing his fingers under the professor's elbows, he lifted him into the air as lightly as if he—the professor, not Mr. Johnson—had been made of bamboo.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the professor, gazing into Mr. Johnson's black face.

"Not that you're anything like Mr. Jeffries' weight—about two-thirds of it, I should say," continued Mr. Johnson, depositing the professor on his feet.

"The sensation is remarkable," said the professor to me. "I never experienced a feeling of such utter helplessness, with the disquieting consciousness of being at the mercy of an overwhelming force. No wonder Mr. Jeffries' face went funny."

"I'm curious to know, Mr. Johnson," said I, as Mr. Johnson went back to his chicken, "how you think you would have compared with John L. Sullivan, in that gentleman's prime."

"Mah dear lady," said Mr. Johnson pityingly, "if you mean anything about the game as it's played today, you wouldn't need to ask any such questions as that. Mr. Sullivan was a great man in his time, and he surely is now a very cultured and kindly old gentleman; but his style of fighting wouldn't go for a minute in these days."

"Do you mean," I inquired, "that you could beat Mr. Sullivan as he was at his very best?"

"Yas'm," said Mr. Johnson, "as easily as you beat Mr. Jeffries?"

"I'm afraid it might be some easier," said Mr. Johnson, with due deliberation.

"But the business of pummeling people," said I, "is so old and simple."

"Simple!" exclaimed the patron of many sports.

"Simple!" echoed Mr. Johnson and Mr. Sig Hart.

And they proceeded to explain to me what a very complex art modern pummeling is, and how assiduously the pummeler has to use his brain, and if they hadn't all talked together the professor and I might have learned a great deal about it, but as it was we looked at each other in helpless bewilderment.

There seemed to be something about "long-arm work" and "short-arm work," and I did gather in a hazy fashion that the latter had been developed in recent years and was speedier and more baffling than the older methods.

Jim Corbett invented a new style of boxing," said the patron or many sports, "but Jack Johnson has gone him one better. He has framed up entirely new ways of stopping blows. Instead of waiting to block them with his arms, he reaches out and catches them on the fly, as if they were baseballs."

"Is that very clever?" I inquired.

"Clever? Why, it takes a speed of eye and brain and hand that is simply marvelous. And another trick he has developed is to step a blow while it's on the way by lightly prodding the front muscle of his opponent's shoulder with the tips of his fingers— isn't that right, Jack?"

"Yup," grinned Mr. Johnson, through a mouthful of chicken. "That'll take all the steam out of the biggest wallow."

"You must have worked very hard at your profession," said I to Mr. Johnson.

"Yas'm," said Mr. Johnson, modestly, "I've worked hard at it ever since I was a child."

"You've been hungry and cold at it, too, haven't you, Jack?" said the patron of many sports.

"Lord, yes!" said Mr. Johnson. "I don't believe I ever got really enough to eat as a regular institution until my fight with Burns. It certainly is wonderful the way my strength has been building up since then."

And he heaved a sigh of happy repitition as he surveyed the devastated skeleton of the third chicken.

I looked at Mr. Johnson, hero and idol of his race, and wondered in what way civilization could have used his peculiar talents if there had been no such profession as prize-fighting.

Cool, crafty, patient, ambitious and immensely strong, courageous and quick, he seemed to have been especially moulded for fighting in some individual form. His singularly flat head—its slopes almost without an angle from the eyebrows back to the cone-shaped crown—might have been built by design for the glancing off of blows. In action—I saw his sparring exhibition at Hammerstein's that afternoon—he has a weirdly reptilian way of drawing down that flat head between his prodigious shoulders and anon protruding it and playing it swiftly from side to side like a huge turtle.

"Mr. Johnson," said I, "what do you think of the popular theory that in beating Mr. Jeffries you were demolishing the supremacy of the white race?"

"Why, I haven't got much patience with that kind of talk, ma'am," said Mr. Johnson, with good humor. "I kinder think the white race will get along with its finance and its architecture and its literature and wireless telegraphy just as well as if Mr. Jeffries had beaten me instead of me beating Mr. Jeffries. The greatest fighting animal known is a gorilla. It's so strong and savage that a grown-up one was never captured alive. If a gorilla was shut up in a room with me and Mr. Jeffries, ma'am, it would kill us both, but that wouldn't prove that the gorilla race was better than the human race."

I wondered if that happy thought was Mr. Johnson's own, but didn't like to ask. He rose, looked critically at his feet and danced a few shuffling steps, not ungracefully.

"Give us a tune on your fiddle, Jack," said the patron of many sports.

"Say!" exclaimed Mr. Johnson, with animation. "I was just wondering what I wanted and that is sure it!"

He rose toward the professor, who

He went into an adjoining room and returned with a bass viol almost as large as himself.

"He doesn't play solos on it, does he?" exclaimed the professor.

"Wait till you see," said Mr. Hart. "Most people like those small fiddles," said Mr. Johnson, apologetically, "but Ah've taken to this kind, doc, because they don't break so easy."

He played something. It was probably a tune, but anyhow it really had a thrilling effect. It thrilled the chandelier and the teeth in one's head. And bye and bye Mr. Johnson turned up his eyes and sang. That is, he intoned in a deeply lugubrious voice, accompanied by the spasmodic "zoom-zoom" of the instrument, verses of which the refrain ran: "You may roam the whole world through, From China to Peru, But you'll never find another friend like M-o-o-o-ther!"

We all congratulated him warmly on this performance, and the professor remembered that he had an engagement.

"Is your mother very proud of you?" I asked Mr. Johnson, as we prepared to go.

"Yas'm, indeed she is," he replied, earnestly, "but she'd be just as proud of me if Ah wasn't the champion or nothing."

What They Say  
About the Fight

BY BILLY DELANEY.

Former Manager of Jeffries.

Reno, July 4.—"There wasn't anything to the fight. It was Johnson all the way through. He had Jeffries beaten from the start. Jeffries wasn't himself, nor anything like himself, and he collapsed even quicker than I had expected. He would, judging from all that I had heard in regard to his condition. He never as much as marked Johnson, and the champion rode back to his training quarters with no more damage than if he had been fighting a lightweight. I did not think it would be so easy."

BY CHARLIE HARVEY,  
Manager of Owen Moran.

"It was a bitter blow to more than one, but you can't say anything about it except that the better man won, and it was not much of a show for people who had traveled thousands of miles to witness the battle. Jeffries wasn't any part of himself as we used to know him in New York. He hadn't the great reserve strength which once made him a champion."

BY TEX RICKARD.

"It was the first time that I ever refereed a prize fight. I did not see anything very difficult about the task. I did not have anything very hard to do. I only broke the men twice during the battle, and both times they separated without hesitating. I do not think it was a wonderful battle. In fact, it looked to me rather tame, with Johnson the better all the way through."

BY TOM SHARKEY.

"I don't want to say anything disparaging about Jeff, but I think that I could have made a better showing myself. He was no more the Jeffries who fought me than if Jeff never had fought me. I am a badly disappointed man. I think it's the tamest fight for a world's championship that ever took place."

BY FRANK GOTCH.

"Honestly I thought Jeff was stronger. I wrestled and roughed it with him at his training quarters, and he appeared to me to have his old strength and grit. At the end of the ninth round today he was all in. He was gritty and stuck it out as best he could, but he did not have the endurance the Jeffries we know in the past. I only want to say one thing—Johnson did not lick the Jeff who licked Fitzsimmons."

BY BOB FITZSIMMONS.

"Honestly, had I known what I was going to see what I did I would have cut Reno off my map. It was a far poorer fight for a heavyweight championship than I expected. Jeff did not seem to be able to get his man at all. In only one round did he show anything of his old aggressiveness. He let Johnson close in too much at the start and the negro kept hammering away at his right eye until it was closed. From that time on Jeff had all the worst of it. I am willing to take my hat off to a good fight and a good fighter, but I can't see where the negro gets a lot of credit for beating a man really outclassed in the ring. It was a blooming shame that Jeff should lose after his great record as a fighter, but he could not stand off that black."

BY ZEKE ABRAMS.

"Johnson is a great deal smarter than he is credited with being. The negro is not a fool in spite of his cowardice and his desire to throw big words. I don't say that Jeff was at his best, but I do say that nine-tenths of the critics and fighting experts never gave Johnson credit for possessing a complete set of brains that do not work with stand in the wheels when he is in the prize ring."

BY HUGH MCINTOSH.

"We Australians opinion of Johnson is better than your Americans. We had the last chance to see him in action. I predicted that he would beat Jeff, but I must say that I did

not think Jeff gave him the fight that Tommy Burns did in our country."

BY CHARLEY WHITE.

"You can't take anything away from Johnson. You have got to give him credit for the clean manner in which he handled himself in the ring, his continual good nature, his refusal to be bothered by the side talk which was being handed to him from Jeff's corner, his cleverness with his hands and the careful manner in which he refrained from putting his title in jeopardy. He was clean in his fighting from start to finish. He took no unfair advantages and fought squarely and honestly. As for Jeff, well I think he was the worst conditioned man I ever saw enter a ring for the heavyweight championship."

BY TOM FLANAGAN.

"It's all over, Johnson won the love in affair and square fight. None will deny that. The negro told me that he never felt the sting of a single blow during the fight. He said that Jeff could have hit him all night and would have done no more damage than he did in fifteen rounds. He left Johnson laughing and joking and I want to say that every word he uttered was in praise of Jeff. He said Jeff fought him like a man, but insisted that he never could lick him."

BY BILLY DELANEY.  
Norfolk, Va., July 18, 1910.

This is to certify that I have received from John Mitchell, Jr., Grand Chancellor of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, Knights of Pythias, N. A., S. A., E. A. and A. (\$150.00) One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in payment of the death claim of Brother William H. Walker, who was a member of Empire Lodge, No. 37, of Norfolk, Va.

Signed: MARY LOU BOYD,  
Guardian for MARTHA WALKER, Beneficiary.

Witnesses:  
L. Hawkins, G. C.,  
F. E. Puryear, K. of R. and S.  
G. W. Nicholson, M. of F.,  
M. Isbell, D. D. G. C.

Witnesses:  
T. H. Smith,  
W. J. Hubbard, D. D. G. C.

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W. J. Hubbard, D. D. G. C.

Witnesses:  
T. H. Smith,  
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W. J. Hubbard, D. D. G. C.

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T. H. Smith,  
W. J. Hubbard, D. D. G. C.